

SURPLUS POPULATION:
A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM COBBETT.

THE CHARACTERS.

MEN.

SIR GRIPE GRINDUM, of Grindum Hall, in the County of Grindum, Baronet.

PETER THIMBLE, Esq., a great Anti-Population Philosopher.

FARMER STILES.

TOM STILES, nephew of Farmer Stiles.

LAST, the Village Shoe-maker.

DICK HAZLE, Servant to Stiles.

BAREBONE, Man of all Work to Sir Gripe.

TOM BIRCH, Brother of Betsey Birch.

JACK HARROW, NED MAPLE, and other country fellows.

BLUDGEON, GUZZLE and SLANG, three London Bullies.

Waiter, Boys, &c.

WOMEN.

BETSEY BIRCH, going to be Married to Dick Hazle.

MRS. BIRCH, her Mother, who is a Widow.

MRS. STILES, Wife of the Farmer.

PATTY PRIMROSE, MARY VIOLET, and other country Girls.

SCENE.

The Village of NESTBED, in the county of GRINDUM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sunrise: a Meadow and Cows in it, with a Lane on the side of it: a Farm-House in the back-ground: BETSEY in the Meadow with a milking-pail on her arm, and DICK, in a smock-frock, coming along the Lane.*

DICK. [Singing.]

Soft's the note of yonder wood-lark,
Softer far my Betsey's voice:
Sweet's the dew in cups of cowslips;
Sweeter something that's my choice.

BET. [Behind the hedge listening.] And pray what may that be?

DICK. [Starting, and then jumping over a gap in the hedge.] Why the dew upon your lips, my lovely Betsey!

BET. Come, come, let go my hands, do: mistress scolds so, when I get in late with the milk. But, Dick, when are we to go to church? You said it should be by May-day, you know, and that's to-morrow; and the banns are out.

DICK. It should be to-morrow, my love, if we had the money; but I have got only 40s. coming to me.

BET. But mistress owes me 23s.

DICK. That makes only 63s. And what is that to get things with?

BET. Mother says she'll lend us her bed, if she lie upon straw. Now do; for the folks laugh at me so; and Poll Thorn jeered me yesterday, and said she'd have you yet.

DICK. She!.. But, here comes master.

[*He jumps into the lane.*]

BET. [*To herself.*] I see he's in the mind, and I'll keep him to it now.

[*She begins milking.*]

FARMER STILES, coming up to DICK.

STILES. Here, Dick, take this letter up to the GRINDUM ARMS. 'Tis for one SQUIRE THIMBLE, who is come down from London by the night-coach, something about *surplice population*, as they call it, and Sir GRIPE GRINDUM wants me to have him at my house, instead of going to GRINDUM HALL.

DICK. Yes, very kind of Sir Gripe, to send his friends to feed upon you. That's his old way!

STILES. Never mind: he'd turn me out of my farm, if I were to refuse; and 'tis but a bit of bacon and pudding, and a mug of beer. But, now, Dick, you don't use that girl well; the banns are out, and every-body's laughing at her; and she's a right good girl, and comes of good kin; and . . .

DICK. You need not tell me that, master; but we be so poor; and, suppose me to fall sick, I'd rather die than see her begging a morsel of bread from the flint-hearted hired overseer.

STILES. Well, Dick, I tell you what: I'll advance you five pounds, and I'm sure her mistress will advance 50s. for Betsey, and you may live at the farm for a month or two.

DICK. Well, then, God bless you both! I'll keep my word, and be married to-morrow; and I'll go and speak to the clerk directly.

STILES. But go and carry the letter first; and tell . . .

DICK. [*Looking over the hedge.*] Betsey, Betsey! We shall be . . .

STILES. There, go along, do; and let the girl get her milking done. Tell the gentleman I shall be glad to see him as soon as he pleases.

[*They go out, the Farmer towards his House and Dick towards the Inn.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room at the Inn: SQUIRE THIMBLE sitting at a Table, covered with written papers and pamphlets.*

SQU. THIMBLE. [*Rising, and going to the window.*] Oh, God! Only look at that swarm of children! Why, this village of NESTBED is properly enough named; for it really resembles an ant's nest. It is all the fault of my friend, Sir Gripe, and the other landowners. But, I wonder I do not hear from him in answer to my letter, which he got by post yesterday. I know he is at the Hall, for the waiter saw him there last night.

Enter DICK with the letter, which he gives to SQUIRE THIMBLE.

DICK. My master, Farmer Stiles, sent me with this letter, Sir, and to say, that he shall be glad to see you at his house as soon as you please. [*Exit.*]

SQU. THIM. At his house! But [*opening the letter*] here is a note from Sir Gripe, which, doubtless, will explain the reason. [*Reads.*] "My dear Thimble, "you know that our great master, Parson Malthus, lays it down, that "population always treads closely upon the heels of subsistence. Acting upon "this principle, and fully agreeing with you, that the country is ruined by "surplus population, I deem it a duty to my beloved country, for the happiness "and honour of which I have so long been toiling and making so many sacri-

"fices, to suffer no subsistence to be in my house beyond a bare sufficiency to keep body and soul together. I have, therefore, told Farmer Stiles to send this to you to-morrow morning, and provide you with bed, board, &c., and I will call on you at his house about breakfast time." Umph! Body and soul together! Very laudable, to be sure, to check the population in his house; but, I do not very clearly see how *my* being entertained in it for a day or two could have tended to *increase* the population in it. However [*rings*] I shall see how [*Enter Waiter.*] Waiter, what a clock is it?

WAITER. I'll inquire, Sir.

[*Exit.*

SQU. THIM. [*Gathering up his papers.*] These will save the nation, and will be read with wonder long after I am....

WAITER. [*Re-entering.*] It's half past five, Sir.

SQU. THIM. Here; get me a man to bring this portmanteau after me down to Farmer Stiles's.

[*Exit.*

WAITER. [*Reading the name on the portmanteau.*] "Peter Thimble, Esq." 'Squire, indeed! I should have taken him for a tailor, and a French tailor too, for 'tis the swarthiest and ugliest devil I ever saw. [*Exit with portmanteau.*

SCENE III.—*A Cow-pen at the Farm: DICK and BETSEY.*

DICK. I have, I tell you.

BET. What, spoke to the clerk?

DICK. Yes, I say; and he is to tell the parson of it as soon as he gets up.

BET. Gets up! What isn't he up yet?

DICK. Oh, no! We work for him, while he's asleep: his pay always goes on.

BET. But when is it to be?

DICK. At nine o'clock to-morrow morning.

BET. Oh! my dear Richard [*taking hold of his hand*]; and is the time come at last!

DICK. Yes, it is, my little love; and Mistress says, that you may go and stay all day to-day and to-night at your mother's, and get yourself ready against I come in the morning.

BET. But, you'll be sure to come now!

[*Puts the corner of her apron up to her eyes.*

DICK. What's the matter?

BET. Nothing: I'm such a fool, I can't help it.

DICK. Be quiet now, there's a dear; for....

STILES. [*In the yard.*] Dick! Dick!

DICK. Coming!

[*Exit.*

BET. Oh, dear! I ought to be happy, I'm sure; and yet there's something that makes my heart sink. Now what will become of the jeerings of Poll Thorn and of that nasty slut Nance Bramble, who said, t'other day, that he'd never have me? I shall wear my bran new white bonnet lined with pink, Richard will have his new coat, and good old Mistress (God Almighty bless her!) says that we shall be the handsomest couple that have walked into NESTBED Church these fifty years. Oh, lor! I wish 'twas over; for my heart does beat so, and sink so, that I can hardly stand.

SQU. THIM. [*At the house-door.*] Halloo! Nobody at home?

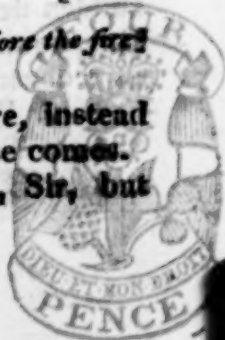
BET. Oh, dear! I forgot the eggs that Mistress sent me to get for the Squire's breakfast.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A small Parlour in the Farm-house: SQUIRE THIMBLE sitting before the fire; breakfast preparing.*

SQU. THIM. [*To himself.*] I don't much like his sending me here, instead of receiving me at the Hall; but I dare say he will explain it when he comes.

MRS. STILES. [*Entering.*] Hope you will excuse our homely fare, Sir, but



we'll give you the best we've got. [*Betsey, entering with the eggs, lets a couple of them roll off the plate upon the floor.*] What a deuce is the girl about! But [*turning to Squire Thimble*] I hope you'll look over it, Sir: she's going to be married to-morrow, and her head has been running upon that all the morning.

SQU. THIM. *Married*, did you say! *Married!* That girl going to be married!

MRS. STILES. Yes, Sir; they have been courting a long while, and they be desperate fond of one another.

SQU. THIM. *Desperate*, indeed! But do you encourage such things, then?

MRS. STILES. What things, Sir?

SQU. THIM. Why, the coupling together of these poor creatures to fill the country with beggars and thieves.

MRS. STILES. [*With warmth.*] I'm sure there isn't a better young man in the parish than Richard Hazle; and as for Betty Birch, young as she is, she shall make bread, butter, cheese, or beer, with any woman in the whole county, let the next be who she will. Beggars and thieves, indeed!

SQU. THIM. Well, if these be good people, so much the more reason to keep them from being plunged into misery; and....

MRS. STILES. [*Interrupting him.*] *Misery*, Sir!

SQU. THIM. Yes, and from adding to that great national disease, the *surplus population*.

MRS. STILES. Never heard of that disease before, Sir; we ben't troubled with't in these parts, though we have the small-pox and measles terrible bad sometimes; and our poor neighbour, Chopstick, lost four as fine children last week as....

SQU. THIM. So much the better! so much the better!

MRS. STILES. What, Sir!

SQU. THIM. Yes; so much the better, I say, and [*aside*] if it had taken you off too, it would have been better still. [*To her.*] Go, good woman, and tell the girl to come and speak to me.

MRS. STILES. She's going to her mother's to get ready for her wedding; but I'll call her in for a minute. [*Exit.*]

Enter BETSEY.

SQU. THIM. So, young woman, you are going to be married, I understand?

BET. Yes, Sir.

SQU. THIM. How old are you?

BET. I'm nineteen, Sir, come next Valentine's eve.

SQU. THIM. That is to say, you are *eighteen*! [*Aside.*] No wonder the country is ruined! And your mother now; how old is she?

BET. I can't justly say, Sir; but I heard her say she was forty some time back.

SQU. THIM. And how many of you has she brought into the world?

BET. Only seventeen, Sir.

SQU. THIM. Seventeen! *Only* seventeen!

BET. Seventeen now alive, Sir; she lost two and had two still-born and....

SQU. THIM. Hold your tongue! Hold your tongue. [*Aside.*] It is quite monstrous! Nothing can save the country but plague, pestilence, famine, and sudden death. Government ought to import a ship-load of arsenic. [*To her.*] But, young woman, cannot you impose on yourself "*moral restraint*" for ten or a dozen years?

BET. Pray what is that, Sir?

SQU. THIM. Cannot you keep single till you are about thirty years old?

BET. Thirty years old, Sir!

[*Shifting a laugh.*]

Enter Sir GRIPE GRINDUM.

SQU. THIM [*rising.*] How do you, Sir Gripe; hope I've the pleasure of seeing you well.

SIR G. Very well, very well; but rather hungry.

SQU. THIM. Draw up, then; here are plenty of eggs and butter.

SIR G. Yes, they think nothing of MALTHUS here.

SQU. THIM. So it seems, for this young hussey is going to be married to-morrow, though she is only eighteen. Her mother has had, it seems, *only* twenty-one children; so that you'll have your parish finely stocked.

SIR G. Married! [*Aside.*] What a beautiful creature it is!

SQU. THIM. Yes, married; and she laughs at the idea of *moral restraint*.

SIR G. I dare say she does. [*Aside.*] And so shall I too, if I can get her into my clutches.

SQU. THIM. You may go, young woman; for I find I can do nothing with you. [*Exit Betsey.*]

SIR G. [*Aside.*] But *I can* do something with her, I fancy. [*To Thimble.*] Yes, she may go for the present; but it is my duty, my bounden duty to my country, to prevent this marriage.

SQU. THIM. To be sure it is. It is a duty of humanity, as well as of patriotism. But you must be quick, for she is to be married to-morrow morning.

SIR G. To-morrow morning!

SQU. THIM. Yes: and the farmer's wife here approves of the match! Would it not be well to find the farmer, and talk to him about it?

SIR G. I shan't, but you may; and in the meanwhile, I'll go home and dispatch some business, and be with you again in an hour or so. [*Exit.*]

SQU. THIM. Business! What *business*? He thinks that I did not perceive him staring at her. He has some scheme in his head. But no matter: anything is better than her having seventeen children. Why, 'tis littering, 'tis pigging, 'tis hatching, 'tis swarming, and if they are allowed to proceed at this rate, there won't be room for them to stand upright in the country. I'll go and find the farmer, and see what I can make of him. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*Mrs. Birch's cottage: Mrs. BIRCH and BETSEY, and several children of different ages.*

BETSEY. Don't you think, mother, that these white bows are beautiful; and isn't my frock as white as a curd; and mustn't we walk arm-in-arm to church? Oh! how that Poll Thorn will be provoked! I shouldn't wonder if she was to fly at me.

MRS. BIRCH. How you do run on, child.

BET. Patty Primrose and Mary Violet, my two bridesmaids, will be dressed all in white, and uncle Stephen says, that nobody but him shall give me away.

MRS. BIRCH. Ah! my dear, if your poor father had been alive, he....

BET. Don't cry, mammy, let us be happy now.

MRS. BIRCH. And so I am, my dear child; but talking of your uncle put me in mind of....here comes BAREBONE, Sir Gripe's footman: I wonder what he can want.

Enter BAREBONE.

BAREBONE. Sir Gripe wants to speak to you, Mrs. Birch, up at the Hall, in about an hour's time.

MRS. BIRCH. [*Aside.*] 'Tis about the *rent*. [*To him.*] My duty to him, and say that I shall be sure to wait on him. [*Exit Barebone.*]

BET. What can that nasty old skinny greedy beast want with you, mother?

MRS. BIRCH. Oh, child, I owe him a year's rent, up to Lady-day, and I can't

pay him till after the harvest, without selling the cow, and then what are the poor dear children to do?

BET. Well, I don't know how it is, but I have had a misgiving in my mind all day, that something bad was going to happen.

MRS. BIRCH. Never mind, child; God will be our protector.

Enter DICK.

BET. Oh, Richard, I'm glad you're come; for I'm so low-spirited.

DICK. What about? Don't repent, do you?

BET. How can you ask me that? But there's that old beast, Sir Gripe, has just sent for mother about the. . .

DICK. Sent for her! Why, he has sent for me too, and I'm going up to him.

BET. For you! As sure as death there's something brewing, and I didn't feel my heart sinking for nothing.

DICK. [*Taking her hand.*] Come, come, don't be foolish. What do you cry for? Be quiet, now; and I'll go up to the old fellow, and call as I come back. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*Farmer STILES's Parlour: SQUIRE THIMBLE, STILES and LAST, the Shoemaker of the Village.*

SQU. THIM. But, farmer, don't you see what a brood, what a litter, what a farrow, what a swarm, this couple will bring to eat up the country?

STILES. Why, Sir, I dare say they will have plenty, but God never sends months without sending meat.

SQU. THIM. Not for them, not *for them*.

LAST. Whom does he send it for, then?

SQU. THIM. For those who can afford to pay for it.

LAST. But, if they pay for it out of the money that they get from tithes and taxes, God does not send it for them, but they take it by force from those who work; and it does seem strange indeed, Sir, that you should seem to rejoice in their increase, while you are so anxious to put a stop to the breeding of those who do the work.

STILES. Yes, Sir, as neighbour Last says, it is all as one as if I were to put a stop to the breeding of my cart-mares, and breed nothing but nags and pleasure ponies.

SQU. THIM. [*Aside.*] Oh! the devil! these fellows have been reading Cobbett's pernicious Trash.

LAST. Aye, neighbour, all as one as if you, not having corn enough to keep your nags and cart-horses too, were to knock the cart-horses on the head.

STILES. And pretty crops I should have then.

LAST. And pretty payment Sir Gripe would get from you at Michaelmas and Lady-Day.

SQU. THIM. But, Mr. Last, do you not know that there is, in nature, a tendency, in every country, for the people to increase faster than the food that they usually live on?

LAST. I do not only not know that fact, but I know that, besides its being contrary to reason and experience, it is next to blasphemy to assert it. But, Sir, if there be, *in nature*, this tendency, how comes it that it never was discovered before; and that never, until about twenty-seven years ago, when that Scotch fellow, Malthus, wrote his book, no man in England ever dreamed of our having too many people?

SQU. THIM. The evil has not existed until of late years.

LAST. But, if it be *in nature*, why did it not exist before?

SQU. THIM. Why, I suppose, that there used to be more *moral restraint*, more *prudence*, as to marriage and having children.

LAST. How could that be, when you say that the want of moral restraint arises from *want of education*, and when we have now fifty times as much of that nonsense as we had when I was a boy?

SQU. THIM. But you will allow that there is a great want of employment.

LAST. Yes.

SQU. THIM. Then you allow that there are too many labourers.

STILES. No, no, Sir, too little money in our hands to pay them duly for their labour. Plenty of work that ought to be done, but not enough money to pay for it.

SQU. THIM. That comes to the same thing: for, if you have not money to pay them all, there are too many of them.

LAST. By no means. Suppose Stiles, here, have 100*l.* in his drawer, ready to pay for hoeing that he intends to have done, and suppose a thief to come and steal the money, Stiles must leave the ground unhoed, and it must be over-run with weeds, and the crop be one half what it would have been, if his money had not been stolen.

SQU. THIM. You are supposing a case that can rarely happen.

LAST. Not at all; for money taken away by the parson and the tax-gatherer, is taken away from Stiles as effectually as if taken away by thieves.

SQU. THIM. What, Sir; do you call the parson and the tax-gatherer thieves!

LAST. Oh, no! but money taken away from Stiles is money deducted from his means of paying labourers, no matter by whom, or under what pretence the money is so taken.

SQU. THIM. You must know, however, at any rate, that the people of this country have greatly increased in number.

LAST. I neither know nor believe it; for I see churches, built hundreds of years ago, with scarcely any parishioners; I see many of them quite tumbled down; and I know that they never would have been built, if there had not been people to go to them.

SQU. THIM. [*Aside.*] These fellows have all been reading Cobbett, and as my friends, TREVOR and WILMOT, say, nothing can stand, neither Church nor State, if that wicked fellow be not put to silence. [*To them.*] You think, then, that the more the merrier, and the more paupers you breed, the better it will be for you, and that, instead of checking premature marriages, you ought (as, indeed, you do) to offer a premium for breeding children, as we do for breeding sheep or planting trees?

LAST. There needs no premium; for, whether married or not, country girls will have children; but since you talk of *paupers* and of a *premium for breeding*, pray what are those who are on the pension and sinecure lists, men, women, and children? and, as to the premiums for breeding, what do you call the money that is given to poor parsons and to half-pay officers and their widows and children? Are not these premiums for breeding, and premiums, too, paid out of taxes raised in part on these very labourers? And what are the military academies and asylums but premiums to the rich and the soldiers to induce them to breed? You find no fault of these premiums for the breeding of *idlers*, and are alarmed only at the increase of those who *work*?

SQU. THIM. I am alarmed at the increase of the *paupers*, who already eat up the country.

LAST. Not they indeed: it is your idlers that eat up the country: it is they that make the working-people so poor that they are obliged to come to the parish or starve.

SQU. THIM. Obligated to come and demand other people's property to live on!

LAST. It is not other people's property: it is their own property: they inherit a right, both by nature and by law, to subsistence out of the land, in

exchange for their labour, and if they be unable to labour, or can get no labour, they have the right without the labour.

Enter MRS. STILES with a letter.

SQU. THIM. Well, good morning, gentlemen. [*They go out.*] Ah! [*reading*] he invites me to the Hall! I thought he would not let me remain here long. [*Reads.*] "My dear Thimble, the pleasure of your enlightened discourse is always so great, that it was with the most acute pain that I quitted you this morning." Oh, O! This is something like justice. "Pray do me the honour to come up here, and to bring with you your last admirable remedy against that great national scourge, the procreation of the human species. As they keep early hours at the farm, you will, most likely, have dined before this will reach you; if you have not, you need not be in a hurry; for, as 'population treads close upon the heels of subsistence,' I take care to keep a short supply here." Well, well; I'll get a bit of something here, and then I will go up.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Mrs. Birch's Cottage: DICK and BETSEY.*

BET. Didn't you meet mother;

DICK. No: she went by the lane, I suppose, and I came across the fields.

BET. Well, what did the greedy old rogue want with you?

DICK. What do you think, now? What do you think that the skin-flint old rascal wanted me to do?

BET. God knows: to rob mistress's pantry for him, perhaps.

DICK. Worse than that.

BET. Worse! Why, then, to take false oaths for him, as his steward Scut does.

DICK. Worse, a great deal worse than that.

BET. Poor father always said he was the Devil: but what was it, then?

DICK. Why, he wanted me to be false to you!

BET. Oh! the old villain! False to me! And what could the greedy old monster get by that?

DICK. Yes, and he told me he would get me a place at London, in the king's guards, and have me made an officer, if I would set off by the coach to-night.

BET. To-night!

DICK. Yes, and when I refused, he got into a deuce of a passion, and [*seeing three men go by*] I wonder who those rough-looking fellows are?

BET. Oh, they are some blackguards going up to the Hall, I dare say. He never has any-body but such people about him.

DICK. Yes, as Mr. Last says, the Hall is more like a robbers' den than a gentleman's house. But [*looking up at the sun*] it is twelve o'clock: I must get home to feed the oxen.

BET. Well, good-by! but you'll come up this evening.

DICK. Yes, yes, I'll be here about seven or eight.

[*Erit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Gripe Hall, cobwebs on the ceiling, a dirty floor, a dirty deal table, and two old chairs, on one of which Sir Gripe is sitting.*

SIR. G. Amongst those that I have lived with, there is not one mother out of a score that would not, for a handful of guineas, be the bawd in the seducing of her own daughter; and if this woman, who owes me a year's rent, and whom I can strip to-morrow of every rag that she has, holds out against me, it will be bad luck indeed. This is the most beautiful girl I ever set my eyes on! and am not I her lord? is she not my property? And shall this fellow, who is also my slave, take her from me? It will be better for them both, too; for

they would soon begin to starve, and then to fight like dog and cat. But, better or better not, I'll have her. As to the sin, either there is a hell or there is not; if not, there is in this country no loss of character for a man who has forty thousand a year; and if there be a hell, it is already my lot; so that I'll have my enjoyment in spite of the Devil; and now for

Enter BAREBONE.

BARE. The Widow BIRCH is come, Sir Gripe.

SIR G. Show her in. [*Exit Barebone.*] If I can't prevail upon the mother to stop the marriage, I must get the girl away to-night some-how or other, and get her to London too. There's nothing like that: old Mother CARBUNCLE, the bawd, or Mother LYNX, the mad-house keeper, will receive her, and I can follow in a day or two. But, soft! here comes the mamma!

Enter MRS. BIRCH.

MRS. BIRCH. Your servant, Sir Gripe, [*curtsies*,] I'm very sorry my rent is behind-hand: but. . . .

SIR G. Oh, never mind, never mind the rent, Mrs. Birch; sit down, sit down; I'm not one of your proud fellows; we're all flesh and blood.

MRS. BIRCH. [*Aside.*] How deceived folks are in him! [*To him.*] I can stand, Sir, thank you.

SIR G. No no: sit down, sit down, Mrs. Birch: I'm glad to see you looking so well: I hope all your children are well.

MRS. BIRCH. Purely well, I thank you, Sir.

SIR G. How many of them have you got, Mrs. Birch?

MRS. BIRCH. Only seventeen alive, Sir.

SIR G. Seventeen! Why you look young enough and handsome enough to have seventeen more.

MRS. BIRCH. [*Smiling.*] Oh dear, Sir!

SIR G. And what do you do with them all, Mrs. Birch?

MRS. BIRCH. Nine of them are out at service, one lives with her aunt, and there are seven at home.

SIR G. Are they boys or girls?

MRS. BIRCH. Twelve boys and five girls, Sir, and though I say it, as good children they be as any in the parish, and, thanks be to God, not a day's sickness have we had in the house since their poor father died, and that was three years ago last Friday as ever was; and they be so dutiful to me, and comes so kindly to see me every Sunday, when they can be spared; and they do so love one another; and they all seem to do their best to make up for the loss of their poor father, who, poor soul, used, when he came home from his work, to have four or five of them upon his knees at once. Oh, Sir, never was there such a father, and never such a but it pleased God to . . . [*wipes her eyes*] pray, Sir, be so good as to excuse . . .

SIR G. [*Looking like Satan.*] Never mind, never mind, Mrs. Birch. Any of them married, Mrs. Birch?

MRS. BIRCH. No, Sir, not

SIR G. That's right, that's right: don't let them marry till they're thirty: only brings ruin and misery and starvation and poaching and thieving and treadmills and transportings and hangings. That's right, Mrs. Birch; that's right; keep them single till they be thirty, and then they will do well. If any of them were to marry young, I should be very angry with you; and . . .

MRS. BIRCH. [*Aside.*] What shall I do!

SIR G. And should, in short, order my Steward, Mr. SCUR, to . . .

MRS. BIRCH. I beg your pardon, Sir Gripe, but my daughter Betsey is going to be

SIR G. [*Angrily.*] What ! not married, I hope ?

MRS. BIRCH. They have courted so long, Sir, and they have been such constant lovers, and the banns have been out for these three weeks, and....

SIR G. To tell you the truth, I have heard of this, Mrs. Birch, and I sent for you to talk to you about it. You are a sensible woman, Mrs. BIRCH, and I have a great regard for you and your family, and wish well particularly to this young woman; and, therefore,

MRS. BIRCH. Thank you, Sir, God will bless you for it, and I'm sure they'll both prove deserving of your goodness; for Richard Hazle is as good a young man as any in the whole county; and he has lived with farmer Stiles ever since he was eight years old; and they do so love one another; and Mrs. Stiles says that they are the handsomest couple that.

SIR G. Well, well; never mind that now. You are a sensible woman, and you know that this *love*, as they call it, is all nonsense; and that when poverty comes in at the door, this love flies out of the window.

MRS. BIRCH. Not always, Sir; for I am sure that I and my poor husband were poor enough, and....

SIR G. Well, well; but, now, don't you think it would be better to put off this marriage for a year or two, till.

MRS. BIRCH. Lor, Sir, it would break poor Betsey's heart!

SIR G. Oh, no! Women's hearts are tougher than you think for. [*Aside.*] I know *that* pretty well.

MRS. BIRCH. Not Betsey's, Sir: poor thing, she'd go crazy, and so would Richard too.

SIR G. Now, I tell you what I'll do, Mrs. Birch: I'll make your daughter my housekeeper in London, and I'll make Hazle my bailiff here, and give each of them twenty pounds a year and their board.

MRS. BIRCH. Lor, Sir!

SIR G. Will you propose it to them?

MRS. BIRCH. Pray don't ask me to do it, Sir.

SIR G. Why, you can propose it, at any rate.

MRS. BIRCH. No, indeed, Sir, I cannot. They would hate me for it; and how am I to endure the hatred of my child?

SIR G. [*Angrily.*] Better than you can endure to starve, as you will, if you don't do what I tell you to do.

MRS. BIRCH. By the blessing of God, Sir, I have not starved yet, and hope I shall not.

SIR G. And what is God to do for you, you perverse fool!

MRS. BIRCH. He says, "Cursed be he that oppreseth the widow and the fatherless."

SIR G. And you, being the interpreter, apply that curse to me, eh! You impudent hag!

MRS. BIRCH. No, indeed, Sir; but...

SIR G. Hold your tongue! go along; and call upon God to save your rags, when Mr. SCUT comes, to-morrow morning, to bundle you into the road.

MRS. BIRCH. I will call upon God, Sir, and he will be my help in the time of need. [*Exit.*]

SIR G. Now, then, I know what I have to do. [*rings the Bell.*]

Enter BAREBONE.

SIR G. Is Squire Thimble come?

BARE. Just come, Sir.

SIR G. Show him into the best room, and say I will be with him directly. [*Exit Barebone*] I can't trust this half fool, THIMBLE; he'll have his qualms of conscience, if it be only out of vanity and conceit; if it be only to show

his *philosophy*, as the fool calls it. I humour him with his rubbishy stuff about *surplus population*, which has made him as mad as the fellows are that are trying to discover the longitude, and he really thinks that I half starve my servants purely from the patriotic motive of insuring their continence! But I'll sound him a little about this girl, at any rate, and see what he's made of.

Enter BAREBONE.

BARE. The three men, Sir, say they're hungry and dry.

SIR G. Send one of them to the Inn for a gallon of beer and a gallon of gin, and get a pound or two of cheap cheese and a loaf. I may want them by-and-by. *[Exit Barebone.]*

SCENE III.—*The best room: the walls smoky, with torn paper; no fire, no curtains, old broken chairs, and a ragged carpet. SQU. THIMBLE sitting at a table with papers and pamphlets.*

SQU. THIM. Well, *[looking round him,]* if this be the *best* room, the worst must be some degrees worse than a...

Enter SIR GRIPE.

SQU. THIM. *[Rising and bowing.]* I was just saying to myself what a beautiful house this is, how tranquil, how admirably calculated for study, and especially for that species of study which I delight in; for you must know that London does.....

SIR G. *[Aside.]* Oh! the Devil!

SQU. THIM.not favour the flow of ideas like this quiet....

SIR G. *[Aside.]* By — they sha'n't flow here!

SQU. THIM.place; and I am resolved to finish my treatise on checking population before I go back.

SIR G. But where's your *Remedy against Breeding*, that I asked you to bring up with you?

SQU. THIM. Here 'tis. *[Giving it to Sir G.]*

SIR G. *[Reads to himself, while Thimble sits and looks eagerly at him.]* Admirable, admirable! Delightful! Here are grammar, logic, philosophy, eloquence, elegance, clearness, strength, and in short....

SQU. THIM. Oh, no! The essay is well enough, but nothing like equal to that which I have now in hand: I'll read you a passage of it....

SIR G. *[Raising his voice.]* "Well enough," do you call it! I say, that the man that could write that ought to be prime minister.

SQU. THIM. Oh, no! you flatter me; but do, then, let me read you a passage from my new work; for, as as you will see,....

SIR G. No: you sha'nt, you sha'nt: I wo'nt hear a word of it till it comes out: I'll hav't all together: a taste beforehand would spoil my feast.

SQU. THIM. Well, then, let us talk of what ought to be *done* as well as written.

SIR G. Yes, I like doing.

SQU. THIM. These positions are clear: first, part of the people must be sent out of the country; or, second, the millions must be made to live on potatoes, like the Irish; or, third, their breeding must be checked; or, fourth, those who live on tithes and taxes must be compelled to work for their bread.

SIR G. As to the first, they wo'nt go; as to the second, they will burn up the country rather than submit to it; as to the fourth, it is not to be thought of; and, therefore, it must be the third.

SQU. THIM. So say I, and, therefore, I am labouring, first to persuade them not to marry, and next to teach them how to avoid having *live* children, if they be married, and....

SIR G. *[aside]* What a d—— fool it is!

SQU. THIM. Have we not, under our eyes, a proof of the necessity of my labours? For look at this young woman, who is going to be married to-morrow, and who, probably, without my lessons, might breed twenty-one poor creatures as her mother has done.

SIR G. Ah! a striking instance indeed, and all this litter is to be kept, too, out of my estate, or my farms and my woods are to be burnt!

SQU. THIM. A man might as well have no property: it is not property: you have your estate in common with this devouring herd.

SIR G. Aye, and they leave me here, you see, with hardly a bit of bread to put in my mouth.

SQU. THIM. It is not only your duty, then, but your interest also, to aid me in my labours; and, when my essay is finished, which, in this tranquil abode, will be in about a month, you will see that procreation will be effectually checked.

SIR G. No doubt; but, in the meanwhile, this brace of breeders get together. Now, I'm a practical man; I hold that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; and, therefore, I'm for sending the girl away, and to-night too.

SQU. THIM. To-night!

SQU. G. Yes, to-night, and I shall want your assistance.

SIR THIM. *My* assistance!

SIR G. You know, my dear Thimble, what a regard I have for you, and how sincerely I admire your talents. You are fit for the highest posts in the State. You only want to be in parliament to make your surprising talents known; and when I am made a peer, you shall take my place.

SQU. THIM. [*Getting up and taking him by the hand.*] Thank you, thank you; I always thought that this would be the case; but

SIR G. What I intend is this; to get a post-chaise and four horses over here at midnight, clap her and you into it, and let them carry you off, like the wind, to London, where you can deposit her in my house at Pimp-Place, under the care of little PANDER, who, you know, breathes only through my nostrils.

SQU. THIM. But what would the world say?

SIR G. World! Did you ever know the world find wrong any thing done by a man with forty thousand a year in land!

SQU. THIM. But I have not forty thousand a year, and should never dare show my face again; for the newspapers

SIR G. A handful of guineas would bribe them all to silence. However, if you do not choose to oblige me

SQU. THIM. Pray do not put it in that way: I do choose it; but let us take a little time to think of it.

SIR G. And they get to breeding in the meanwhile?

SQU. THIM. Besides, I meant to stay here to finish my essay.

SIR G. That's out of the question, for I mean to shut the house up to-morrow, and to go and live with my friends a few days, till I go to London.

SQU. THIM. You know, dear Sir Gripe, that it would be violation, that it would be assault at the least; and that there would be such an outcry; and then

SIR G. Very true, very true; you are right, and great as will be the evil to my estate and to my country, I must, upon reflection, give up my intention, and let the devouring devils breed away.

SQU. THIM. I hope you don't think that

SIR G. Oh, no, no, no, no! not at all, not at all! You're quite right; you're quite right; and I really am glad that you refused; for I now see the danger. But, how will you get back?

SQU. THIM. Oh! I shall go off by the mail, which stops here at the Grindum Arms.

SIR G. And what time shall you get into town?

SQU. THIM. Why, let me see; the mail comes about one, and I shall get in about six.

SIR G. Well, then, as I have a deal to do here, I'll send you a letter down to the farm, which, when you get out of the mail in Piccadilly, you'll be so good as to carry directly (it's in your way) to Pimp-Place, and give it to little Pander. But, you'll be sure to deliver it without a moment's delay.

SQU. THIM. Certainly. [*Rising, and gathering up his papers.*] You'll send down the letter by ten or eleven o'clock. [*Pulls out his watch.*] It is past eight now: your servant, Sir Gripe. [*Exit, bowing.*]

SIR G. [*Looking contemptuously after him.*] Oh! your servant, Mr. Stitch-louse! Here's a pretty scoundrel! He has openly advised women to procure abortion, which is murder; and now he has his qualms of conscience! As Richard says of Buckingham, in the play, "I'll henceforth deal with shorter-sighted villains." And here they are at hand, in the three respectable personages that my friend, Lord Rottenborough, has had down at his election, and who have dropped in as old acquaintances, on their way back to London. They will have no scruples, I'll warrant them: they would cut the throats of their own mothers for a crown a head. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Mrs. Birch's cottage: MRS. BIRCH, BETSEY, and DICK.*

BET. And see, here are beautiful flowers that aunt Martha has sent us to strew up to the church-door; and there are brothers Tom and Jack coming, and many more lads, and all the girls in the village; and they are to walk arm-in-arm before us; and do, Richard, look at these true-lovers'-knots, that Patty Primrose has sent me!

MRS. BIRCH. And look at this fine gammon of bacon and these plums, that Mrs. Stiles has sent.

DICK. Ah! she's the woman! And now I must go home to bed, for I'm to get up at one o'clock to carry Squire Thimble's portmanteau up to the Grindum Arms.

BET. Well, good by; but I wish it was over, for my heart does sink so!

DICK. What for? What can you be afraid of?

BET. Why, I'm so afraid that something will happen: it seems to be too much happiness; and there's that shocking old villain sent for mother and you; and there's the rent to pay; and he is such a spiteful monster, and so cunning!

DICK. But what can the villain do?

MRS. BIRCH. There, never mind her qualms: go home to-bed, Richard; for you must be tired to death. [*Exit Dick.*] And now, my child, let us go to bed and get some rest; and, as to the rest, Farmer Stiles says, that old rascal shall not turn us into the road, if he turn him out of his farm for saving us. So, as I told the old skin-and-bone miser, the Lord will protect the widow and the fatherless.

SCENE II.—*A room in Gripe Hall: SIR GRIPE and the three London bullies, BLUDGEON, GUZZLE, and SLANG, all seated: a bottle of gin and a glass on the table.*

SIR G. You know where the cottage is?

BLUD. Yes: we came by it in the morning, and saw a young chap and a girl at the door.

SIR G. With dark hair and bright eyes, and . . .

SLANG. Yes: a nice piece enough.

SIR G. She's mad, you know!

ALL. Yes, yes : we understand all about it.

SIR G. Here's my old friend, Bludgeon, did such a job for me once before, and he knows I paid him well.

BLUD. Aye, how did that turn out, Sir Gripe ?

SIR G. Very well, very well ; she got quite cured in time !

BLUD. And is now upon the town ; for I met her in Drury-lane only about a month ago ; but so altered !

SIR G. The chaise will come over from Rottenborough, and will be at the corner of the lane just at twelve o'clock.

BLUD. We'll knock them up by telling them that the intended is taken ill ; and then seize her, and . . .

GUZZLE. Ram a handkerchief into her mouth, to . . .

SLANG. Tow, or cotton-wool, is better.

SIR G. Give the two post-boys a guinea, instead of a crown ; and be sure to say that it is a mad woman that you are taking to St. Luke's.

BLUD. Leave that to us, Sir.

SIR G. One of you ride on the box, and the other two in the chaise ; and when you come to Stains, go across to Kingston, and lop gently along till you get to Mrs. LYNX's.

LUD. I know it, you know Sir, in Dismal-lane ?

SIR G. Yes, the same place ; and, now, go and get some supper, and then I will give you money to pay your expenses on the road.

GUZZLE. It will want a pretty deal, Sir : four horses, you know, and two post-boys, and 'tis dry work, as the saying is.

SIR G. I shall be in town the day after to-morrow, and if you do your job well, I'll give you five guineas a-piece. *[They go out.]*

SIR G. *[Calling them back.]* Oh ! here, I had forgotten : have you got pistols ?

BLUD. Look here ! *[Showing them.]*

SIR G. All's right, then.

[They go out : he rings.]

Enter BAREBONE.

SIR G. Barebone, take this letter down to Squire Thimble, at farmer Stiles's. *[Barebone going.]* And do you hear, Barebone ?

BARE. Sir ?

SIR G. If any one call to-morrow, be it who it may, tell him, or her, that I am not at home ; that I am gone to the county-election, to work in the cause of Parliamentary Reform. What o'clock is it now, Barebone ?

BARE. 'Tis a good bit past eleven, Sir, by the church clock. *[Exit Barebone.]*

SIR G. I'll now go and prime these fellows with money. Let me see : they will be at Old Moll's about eight ; Thimble will be in about six ; so that there will be plenty of time for Pander to get to Old Moll's with my letter of instructions. What a thing is forty thousand a year ! All these devils hate me ; nay, despise me ; and they crouch to me like so many spaniels ! Yet, in one thing, I'm a slave too : I know that this Reform of Parliament will strip me of my power ; I detest it accordingly, and yet I'm compelled to work for it.

SCENE III.—*Stiles's Parlour : THIMBLE packing up his papers.*

Enter BAREBONE.

BARE. A letter, Sir, from Sir Gripe.

SQU. THIM. What, you're going to shut the Hall up to-morrow, are you, young man ?

BARE. Not that I know of, Sir ; I have not heard any-thing about it.

SQU. THIM. No ! *[Exit Barebone]* This is a lie, then, invented to get rid of me, when he found that I would not be his pimp ! But *[opening the letter]*

let's see what he says here. "My dear Thimble, I'm sorry that imperious circumstances separate us before I gather half what I ought from your instructive conversation. But, bear in mind what I said about the seat, which will surely be yours. Pray do not fail to deliver the letter to Pander the very moment that you arrive; and believe me, always truly yours,

"GRIPE GRINDUM.

"P. S. If Pander should not be up, go up to his bed-room and give him the letter; for it is of the greatest possible importance; and a minute's delay might be ruinous to the cause of Reform." What! a minute's delay! Why, then . . .

Enter Mrs. STILES.

MRS. STILES. Won't you take something, Sir, before you set off? 'Tis a sharpish night, and you won't get any-thing upon the road?

SQU. THIM. Thank you; I'll take an egg.

MRS. STILES. And a glass of something, Sir?

[*Exit.*

SQU. THIM. "A minute's delay ruinous to the cause of Reform!" "There's more in this than meets the ear."

[*Looking hard at the letter.*

Enter MRS. STILES with Eggs, &c.

SQU. THIM. What is it o'clock, good woman?

MRS. STILES. Just struck twelve, Sir.

[*Exit.*

SQU. THIM. I've a great mind to open this letter. What secrets ought they to keep from me about the cause of Reform? The rascals, who owe the power they have to me. I can do it up again; so, as old Knowell says, in the play, "By your leave, soft wax." [*Opens the letter and reads to himself.*] Oh! the d—d perfidious villain. [*Reads out.*] "That stupid coxcomb Thimble is here, and was going to make my house his study; and I was afraid I must have swung it in order to get him out. He will carry you this letter . . . go over to old Moll . . . three trusty fellows . . . post-chaise and four . . . start from here at twelve o'clock at night."—Oh! the d—d villain. [*A screaming in the kitchen; he runs out.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Farm Kitchen: the Farmer, his Wife, Men and Boys, a little Boy and Girl of Mrs. Birch's crying.*

LIT. BOY. And there's poor Mammy lying dead upon the floor, and there's little Harry and little Sally crying and screaming! O Lord, what shall we do!

LIT. GIRL. And poor sister Betsey's gone! Oh, dear, oh dear!

Enter PATTY PRIMROSE.

PATTY. Three fellows come and knocked at the door, put a pistol to their heads, and dragged Betsey away; and . . .

Enter MARY VIOLET.

MARY. They took her off in a postchaise; mother looked out of the window, heard a screaming, and she knowed Betsey's voice, and saw then go up the lane as fast as they could drive, and . . .

[*Dick comes down stairs in his trousers and shirt.*

SQU. THIM. They're gone to London with her, I tell you. I have a letter here, [*Dick runs out of the house,*] that I have opened: I will tell you all about it by-and-by; but, get horses and go after them; or never will you see her again.

STILES. Boys, men, all of you, and get the nag, and, Tom, you get on as fast as you can.

MRS. STILES. I'll go up to poor Mrs. Birch, and keep her as quiet as I can.

PATTY. There's plenty of neighbours there now.

MRS. STILES. Give me some vinegar, and I'll take my hartshorn. Ah! 'tis that old villain at the Hall. *[Exit with the girls.]*

SQU. THIM. *[Aside]* I'll stay and see the upshot of this.

STILES. Bad affair, Sir: black work somewhere: hope, Sir, youv'e no hand in't.

SQU. THIM. If you'll come into the other room, I show you, farmer, that I have nothing to do with it.

Enter LAST.

STILES. There's that old villain has

LAST. I've heard all about it. Dame Violet came up to the village screaming, and Jack Harrow, and Ned Maple, and a dozen more, got up, and ran off, one after another, long before Dick came.

STILES. And there's that poor fellow without a shoe to's foot, or a hat upon's head: his feet will be cut all to pieces; and how be they ever to overtake a post-chaise and four!

SQU. THIM. Come into the parlour, and I'll show you the letters, and explain the whole affair to you. *[They go into the parlour.]*

SCENE V.—*A Bedroom in Grindum Hall: SIR GRIPE just got out of a filthy bed on a stump bedstead.*

SIR GRIPE. *[Knocking on the floor.]* What's o'clock, I wonder?

Enter BAREBONE.

SIR G. What's o'clock, Barebone?

BARE. A little past four, Sir. *[Exit.]*

SIR G. As neat a job as ever I did! There's that d—d fool Thimble carrying my letter, and thinking it an honour; there's the girl hastening to Old Moll's; and there's my trusty steward SCUR coming to bundle the saucy old mother into the road. *[A shouting at a distance.]* What's that? Master Swing's not coming again to be sure. *[Knocks upon the floor.]*

Enter BAREBONE.

SIR. G. What noise is that, Barebone?

BARE. I don't know, Sir. It is up in the turnpike road.

SIR G. Go out and learn what it means. *[Exit Barebone.]* They'll get no money here, at any rate, and as to victuals and drink, I set even their guts at defiance. They say, they won't live upon potatoes, and they'll not find even them here.

Enter BAREBONE, in haste and in a fright.

BARE. Oh, Lord, Sir!

SIR G. What's the matter?

BARE. Oh, Sir! It's a great mob, with big sticks in their hands, bringing a post-chaise along, and

SIR G. A post-chaise!

BARE. Yes, Sir, and Peter Skeleton heard them, as they came through the village, swear that they'd kill you.

SIR G. Kill me? For what?

BARE. I don't know, indeed, Sir; but Peter says they said something about Betty Birch; and they have got one of the gentlemen that was here last night, with his arms tied behind him. *[Exit.]*

SIR G. Oh, the devil! To fly is impossible. There are some hiding-places in this old house. There's no time to lose. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VI.—*The Farm-house: SQUIRE THIMBLE, LAST, and STILES.*

SQU. THIM. Well, gentlemen, I'm glad you're satisfied that I have had no hand in it, and that

Enter NED MAPLE, out of breath.

NED. We've got um, we've got um; and there's Betsey in the chaise, and poor Dick, with the blood running down his breast, holding Betsey in his arms; and

LAST. But *where* are they?

NED. Jack Harrow and I came up with them first, and Jack knocked down one of the post-chaise boys, and I knocked the fellow off the box; and

STILES. But where was this?

NED. And then Dick came up, and pulled the chaise-door window open, and the fellow shot at him, and the shot grazed his breast; and Tom Stiles, your nephew, then pulled the fellow out, and laid on upon him till he could not stir; and Harry Hedger pulled t'other fellow out, and basted him over eyes and limbs; and

LAST. But *where* was this? And who stopped them?

NED. Why one of their horses fell down at the bottom of Break-neck-hill, and broke both his fore-legs, and so we came up with them; and we tied the arms behind the fellow that was upon the box; and we left the other two crying murder; and Betsey was fainted, and Dick thought she was dead, and he swore he'd kill every man of them; but she come to again; and he got her into his arms, and there he sticks, and you can't get a word out of him.

STILES. Poor fellow, his feet must be cut all to pieces.

LAST. But where are they now?

NED. They be coming round the lane, with two horses in the chaise: *hark!* Don't you hear them?

LAST. This gentleman has told us that they were going to

NED. The chap that we've got with his arms tied has confessed all about it; and see, here [*pulling out a parcel of gold*] is the money that old Gripe gave them.

STILES. There they come, there they come! Don't you hear them?

LAST. Come, let's go up to the widow's and meet them.

[All go out but Thimble.]

SQU. THIM. So then, this o'd hypocritical rascal; this ungrateful wretch, to whom I have been political pimp for twenty or thirty long years, and who now calls me coxcomb, fool, and stitch-louse; this pretended patriot; this weather-cock in politics: this haughty aristocrat; and, at the same time, noisy demagogue, is at last about to have something like justice inflicted upon him.

SCENE VII.—*The Widow's Cottage: the crowd coming to it with the chaise, and with BLUDGEON with his arms tied behind him: all the lane full of people, and crowding round the door of the cottage.*

MRS. BIRCH. Let me come, let me come! Oh, my dear child! my dearest child! God Almighty be praised!

DICK. [*Getting out of the chaise, and lifting out Betsey in his arms.*] Now, do make room, good folks; you'll stifle her.

SEVERAL. How pale she is! How bloody poor Richard is! Oh! the villains; Oh! the murderers! Oh! that old villain, Grindum!

MRS. STILES. There, Richard, go up stairs and rest a little, and I'll send your things up here for you to dress for church.

LAST. Now, lads and girls, all go home, and get ready for the wedding.

SEVERAL MEN. Yes, but we have got to swing old Grindum first.

NED. And what are we to do with this fellow?

LAST. Put him into the post-chaise, with his arms tied, and send him back to Rottenborough.

NED. [*Pulling out the gold.*] And here, Mrs. Birch, is something to pay old SCUT with, when he comes to take your cow, and bundle you into the road.

MANY MEN. There, girls, go home, and we'll go and swing old Grindum.

[*The girls disperse, and the men and boys go towards the Hall.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A Room in the Hall; GRINDUM coming out at a trap-door.*

SIR G. Nothing short of the devil can find me here. This is a place where the Catholic priests used to hide, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

MOB. [*In the court-yard, speaking to Barebone.*] 'Tis a lie, 'tis a lie; we know he's here, and if you don't show us where he is, we'll swing you.

BAREBONE. I'll go and look again; but I'm almost sure he's gone away.

Enter BAREBONE, to SIR GRIPE.

SIR G. Hark! They are going to get straw to put in the low rooms, to set the house on fire!

BARE. Pray go out to them, Sir! Hark! they are coming up stairs.

Enter five or six.

ALL. Oh! here you are! Come along. [*They seize him and drag him away.*]

SCENE IX.—*The Court-yard.*

MANY. Swing him! Swing him!

OTHERS. Horse-pond him! Horse-pond him! Down to the farm with him, and horse-pond him!

SCENE X.—*The Farm-house Kitchen: SQUIRE THIMBLE, STILES, MRS. STILES and LAST. to them a Boy running.*

Boy. Here they come with Old Grindum, with a rope about his middle, to draw him through the horse-pond.

[*All run out but Thimble, who opens the window and looks out into the yard.*]

MOB. [*Three or four hundred.*] Come, drown him! Drag him through! Drown him!

STILES. No, no! You must not do that.

SIR G. Stiles, I shall hold you answerable for this.

TOM BIRCH. And I hold you answerable for trying to kill my poor sister, and for paying fellows to shoot Dick Hazle.

ALL. Swing him! Pond him!

[*They drag him across, and he sinks and comes up all over filth.*]

SQU. THIM. There he rises, "in all the majesty of mud." A suitable head he has now to be the seat of a coronet!

TOM BIRCH. There, sneak away to London, where the wretches will still bow and scrape to you. [*He slinks away out of the yard.*] We'll swing you, if you come here again.

MRS. STILES. Oh! if there be n't the bells ringing: they be coming from church: let's all go and wish them joy.

SCENE XI.—*The Widow's Cottage Door: a great crowd assembled: STILES, LAST, MRS. STILES and SQUIRE THIMBLE. Enter the Bridegroom and Bride with their friends; and all get into a sort of circle.*

MRS. STILES. I wish you joy, Betsey!

ALL. Wish you joy Richard! Wish you joy Betsey!

MRS. BIRCH. They thank you from the bottom of their hearts, as I do, and I'm only sorry that my house is too small to entertain every one of you.

LAST. In our thanks, we must not forget this gentleman [*turning to Squire Thimble*]; for, if it had not been for him, we should not have known which way the post-chaise was gone.

SQU. THIM. I am very happy to have been instrumental in producing this result; but my conscience will not let me take my leave without offering to this couple one piece of advice.

DICK and BETSEY. Thank you, Sir!

SQUIRE THIMBLE.

Pray, young folks, of procreation,
Of breeding children, shun the woes;
"Check the surplus population;"
"Restraint that's moral" interpose.

DICK.

Of children full that I my quiver
Might have, you heard the parson pray:
Can you, then, where God's the giver,
Behold the gift, and turn away?

BETSEY.

Di' n't he pray for God to bless me,
And make me fruitful as the vine;
And charge my Richard to caress me,
And, sick or well, not to repine?

ALL THE YOUNG MEN AND GIRLS.

Hang that THIMBLE! what can he know?
The Bible bids us to increase:
Back to London, then, may he go;
And let us live and love in peace.

END.

I beg it to be observed, that I shall not permit any Players to act the above Comedy, without my special leave, given in writing. I shall publish it in the next TWO-PENNY TRASH, for the amusement of the Working People. This is "USEFUL KNOWLEDGE," Lord Brougham; this is really useful knowledge. I told you I would beat you at this.

This Comedy will close the FIRST YEAR of TWO-PENNY TRASH. The 12 Numbers will be published in a VOLUME, on Tuesday next, bound neatly in boards; price 2s. 6d. A neat little Volume, worth all the heaps of stuff that Lord Brougham and his *feelosofers* have ever put forth, or ever will put forth. Let the Parsons answer *their* part of this little book.

ELECTIONS IN SCOTLAND.

GREAT as the anxiety of the people of England has been on the subject of the elections; enthusiastic as the people have been, and, in some cases, violent as they have been, they have in all these respects, and especially in the latter, been greatly surpassed by the people of Scotland. This is a very important matter to us in England, who, generally speaking, know very little of the treatment which the tax-paying part of the people of Scotland have had to endure. Scotland has poured out upon us bands of greedy place and pension hunters; crowds of the basest sycophants that ever soiled the earth that God has given us, phalanxes of pestilent *feelosophers* that have endeavoured to make it appear that the working people were very well off, and that, where they were not, the fault was wholly that of themselves, and not at all of the Government. How many schemes have these cold-blooded ruffians hatched for checking the population of the people, checking the breeding of the people, for compelling them to live in a beggarly manner, for getting them out of the country, for *grinding their faces*, and making them slaves! But while I have, for pretty nearly thirty years, been detecting, exposing, and lashing these bands of ruffians, who have been the choicest of all the tools of the boroughmongers, I have never, upon any one occasion, omitted to speak well of the industrious, the sober, the sensible, and the trustworthy tradesmen, farmers, and people of Scotland. I am not disposed to speak differently of them now, though the reader will find, in the following two articles, which I take from the *Morning Chronicle*, the appellations of ruffian, savage, vagabond, and every other term expressive of reproach, heaped upon the people of that long-oppressed country. The *Chronicle* takes one of the articles from the *Glasgow Courier*, and the other of the articles from the *Glasgow Herald*. The first gives an account of the effect of the indignation of the people at the close of the election in Dumbartonshire, at the

town of Dumbarton. The person elected was, it appears, Lord M. W. GRAHAM, a son of the Duke of Montrose. The second article gives an account of the violences at the close of the election for the county of Ayr, at the town of Ayr, where, it appears, a Colonel BLAIR was elected. I will insert these articles, without giving any of the speeches, but without any further abridgment, but, begging the reader to observe, that I insert them for the purpose of conveying information to my readers, and for the purpose of commenting on the articles, and that I do not join in any one sentiment of the writers, and that I particularly dissent from every abusive word, such quantities of which sort of words are here heaped upon this oppressed, this long borne-down and insulted people of Scotland.

DUMBARTONSHIRE ELECTION.

FROM the behaviour of the *rabble* within the hall, it was perfectly apparent that, joined as they would be by hundreds of their associates without, and who were anxiously waiting for the breaking up of the Court to carry their intentions into effect, the friends of the successful candidate had nothing to expect but abuse and personal violence on reaching the street. Accordingly, when Mr. Colquhoun made his appearance, he was carried from the hall door to an open cabriolet, which was in waiting, without horses, and drawn in triumph through the streets by his noisy attendants; while, on his Lordship's friends coming out, they were jostled, driven about, and pelted with stones in the most furious manner. This was particularly the case so far as regarded Mr. Buchanan, of Auchintorlie, who was stoned a considerable way up the street, and who, but for the providential interference of some respectable strangers, would have been levelled to the ground by a brawny carpenter, who paraded the streets during the day with a large board, containing the words, "Long live the King without the Boroughmongers," and which blow was aimed at the respected gentlemen. Seeing the way in which they were likely to be treated by the crowd, Lord W. Graham, and about twenty of his friends, remained in the hall, while Admiral Fleming, Mr. John Douglas, and several other gentlemen, meritoriously exerted themselves in attempting, by all arguments in their power, to prevail on the reforming rioters to disperse. Their well-meant exertions, however, proved abortive. The cry of the mob was, "Throw out Lord

Graham to us, that we may tear him to pieces, and then we'll go home." Detained thus prisoners against their will for upwards of three-quarters of an hour, Lord M. W. Graham, and the gentlemen along with him, several of them Vice-Lieutenants of the county, required the Sheriff to call in the aid of the military to escort them to their Inns. A signal was accordingly made from the Court-hall to the castle, and this being answered by the castle hoisting its flag and discharging a gun, the troop of cavalry stationed at Bowling, were immediately put in motion. The report of the field-piece created some sensation among the crowd, and we heard numbers of them calculating the space that would elapse before the cavalry could enter the town; for, of the arrangements made to preserve the peace, the leaders of the mob seemed to be in perfect possession. In the front, and all round the Court-house, the mob, though somewhat diminished in numbers, still kept its position. At this moment Admiral Fleming, Sir James Colquhoun, and a number of other gentlemen in Mr. Colquhoun's interest, returned to the County Buildings, and earnestly implored the Sheriff to countermand or stay the approach of the cavalry. This, we understand, was done, and the troop was halted about half a mile from the town. In the mean time, Sir James Colquhoun, Admiral Fleming, &c., pledged themselves to escort Lord William and his friends in captivity safely to the quay, where a steam-boat was lying to receive them. The attempt was accordingly made, and the whole of the party made their way, though followed with the howlings and groans of the rabble, to the place of embarkation, some in carriages, and some a-foot, with the exception of his Lordship, against whom the concentrated vengeance of the mob was directed. Having placed himself between Sheriff Campbell and Sir James Colquhoun, no sooner was he recognised by the mob, than, regardless of the safety of the gentlemen under whose protection he was, the rioters showered stones at him from all directions, while passing along, to such a degree that, when opposite the church, he was obliged to run into a close, a stone and a bludgeon, each of them enough, had they taken full effect, to kill him, whirling past his head, at the very moment he got under shelter; one only, however, struck him, and stunned him very much; while others hit Sir James Colquhoun and the gentlemen near him. On entering the close, a man cried, "Follow me, I'll protect you." He then got into a house, and was shown into a room, where he found a temporary concealment in a bed-place, under a load of clothes and some blankets. In the mean time the mob surrounded the house and the adjoining tenements, swearing that they would find him out, and sacrifice him to the cause of Reform—some clambered up the roof and looked through a skylight window into the very room where his Lordship, by this time, was concealed under the clothes, while others

forcibly entered this, and the adjoining houses, in quest of their victim. One or two men actually entered the room where he lay; but, fortunately, never thought of turning up the clothes in the bed-place. After a long scrutiny, the mob began to suspect that his Lordship had made his escape by some of the many outlets, or through the back premises, and partially dispersed themselves over the town, to preclude the possibility of his foiling their vengeance, while some of his relentless persecutors kept waiting outside of the suspected house, amusing themselves by tossing to and fro an effigy, which we suppose was meant to represent his Lordship, and which was torn to "shreds and patches" in a very short time, regardless of all the efforts of several of the gentlemen on the popular side to quell the tumult. Mr. Jolly at length mustered a party of friends, under whose care, surrounded by about a dozen trusty ship-wrights, who had pledged their word to support him, Lord William placed himself; but on reaching the street the scene that ensued transcends all description. The crowd immediately closed on the patriotic party, pelted them with sticks, and jostled them so tremendously, that they were compelled to take refuge in the Bank, on ascending the flight of steps to reach which, his Lordship was struck by a stone. Luckily Mr. J. Dixon, who had rendered himself conspicuous in quelling the disturbance, secured the miscreant who threw it, and took down his name. Some of the rabble we believe, even forced themselves in after his Lordship, and while making towards a small boat, by an avenue which leads from the bank, which was lying ready to set out with him, he was pursued by the ruffians, who overtook and nearly tore the coat from his back. He, however, latterly escaped into the boat, which immediately put off for the Sovereign steamer, which, with his more fortunate friends on board, was lying out in the offing near the castle. Indeed their anxiety and incertitude, as to his Lordship's fate, had by this time reached to such a height, that a number of them had landed at the castle, and, as Magistrates, called out the infantry to assist them in endeavouring to rescue his Lordship from the hands of the mob. While the troops were about to march, Admiral Fleming again made his appearance, and, as we understood, begged that the soldiers might not stir till it was ascertained the precise part of the town where Lord William Graham had a second time found shelter. During this parley the harge, with his Lordship, came in sight, and rendered the interference of the military unnecessary.

While this scene was enacting, the efforts of Admiral Fleming and Mr. Sheriff Colquhoun to allay the popular excitement, without the aid of the military force, were unceasing. The Riot Act, we understand, was read. The cavalry were twice within a quarter of a mile of the borough, but, by good management, they were not needed.

AYRSHIRE ELECTION.

This finished the business; but on some of Colonel Blair's voters attempting to get out at the back door, it was discovered that the Court-house was completely surrounded by a most determined mob, whose threats and menaces pointed out that their only refuge was to remain where they were. Against Colonel Blair the most dreadful execrations were showered; and on some of his voters showing themselves at a window of the Court-house, a volley of stones was thrown, which broke the window, and gave some indication to those within of the temper of the crowd. After remaining nearly two hours, closely confined, in the vain expectation that the mob would disperse, the Provost of Ayr (who is very popular,) and Mr. Oswald, of Shieldhall, volunteered to take one of the opposite party each through the crowd without danger, but we are sorry to say that stones were thrown at both parties. At length, to such a height did the people get with the throwing of stones, and as business urgently demanded that some of the gentlemen should get home, a white flag was hoisted on the top of the Court-house, as a signal for the dragoons to advance, and, all parties being agreed on the perfect necessity of the measure, the Riot Act was read. The military were not long in making their appearance, but the multitude showed no disposition whatever to retire; many stones were thrown, and a violent and dangerous uproar ensued. Some of the rioters received slaps with the broad sides of the swords, and one fellow, who had been throwing a stone, was chased up the steps of the County Buildings by the soldier he had insulted, who fortunately refrained from doing more than giving him two or three hearty strokes. A party of the dragoons were then formed into a circle, for the purpose of receiving Colonel Blair and several of his friends, in order to convey them on board the *Largs steamer*, which was lying at the quay to receive them. The scene that occurred after the cavalcade got near the vessel, was dreadful, and most wonderful it is that no one was killed on the spot. The stones were thrown in showers, principally by a multitude who had assembled on an eminence, where they were well supplied with these missiles, and from which, although dislodged by the cavalry more than once, with mutual wounds, they as often returned to the combat. The moment the cavalry got the gentlemen on board the steam-boat they left them, when the deck was completely swept with showers of stones, and all the individuals were more or less injured. Colonel Blair was wounded severely in the leg and head. The whole of the party, and every one on deck, ran below, save the poor fellow at the helm, who was most shamefully pelted, until he got the cable cut on board, no one daring to unloose the rope on shore for fear of the mob. They then got to sea; but so determined were the

ruffians on the destruction of Colonel Blair, that they assembled at many places along the coast, where it was thought most probable he would attempt a landing. On the return of the party of soldiers from this service, we observed the helmet of a serjeant fairly knocked in, and another poor fellow with the front of his helmet much indented, and the whole of his breast, as well as the neck of his horse covered with blood, which appeared to proceed from his forehead. There only now remained the Lord Justice Clerk, his son, and other two gentlemen in durance; and a carriage with four horses having been procured, the party drove off on the *Cumnock-road*, protected by ten or twelve dragoons. The coachman outwitted the mob very nearly here; at first he had the horses' heads turned in the direction of the crowd, but quickly wheeled and went by that side of the square opposite to where they were ready to receive him; and he had thus only one side of the square rail to go along, while the crowd had two to catch him in front. This was, however, led by a fellow with an apron full of stones; but although his Lordship was followed a good way on the road, no injury was sustained, although stones were thrown. When the soldiers had returned from this convoy, they were filed off in four divisions to receive billets for the night. Three of these parties had retired homewards, but on the fourth turning their backs on the crowd to do so, a volley of stones was showered after them; on which they faced about, and charged round the square after some miscreants whom they had observed most busy in the assault. At last, however, they got off unmolested, with an official gentleman in front. In these affrays we have just heard of one young man who received a cut on the cheek, and another on the arm. When the military had retired, the mob took advantage of the opportunity to smash every pane of glass in Major Neill's house, in *Wellington-square*. This gentleman had voted for Colonel Blair, which the ruffians thought a sufficient excuse to act thus, at a time, too, when his terrified family, principally females, were within, and who expected every moment, that the shutters would have been knocked to pieces and themselves murdered. The house of Major Montgomerie, in the square also, shared a like fate about the same time; not one whole pane of glass escaped, and the sashes were also smashed. Seeing there was no prospect of the mob behaving any better, the cavalry were again called out, as it was evident a similar visitation was intended for every one of Colonel Blair's voters who could be conveniently come at. Nearly at this period, half-past nine at night, the prisoners in the jail, seeing the havoc and confusion that was going on around them, and suspecting that they were forgotten, made a desperate attempt to escape; and it was said that no less than sixteen of them had succeeded in getting as far as the outer door before they were discovered. This was,

however, fortunately done in the critical moment, and they were again all secured. The mob, about eleven o'clock, proceeded to the house of Mr. Murdoch, the Fiscal, which is situated about half a mile from town. The work of destruction was not long in being commenced; the garden gate was torn from its hinges, the shrubbery rooted up, a large garden seat broken to pieces and scattered on the road, and all the windows demolished. An attempt was then made on the house of the Sheriff; but the cavalry being prepared to receive the marauders, they deemed it prudent in this instance to retire. The mob then returned to town, and in passing down Sandgate they broke the windows of Mr. Gibson, accountant in the Bank of Scotland, one of Colonel Blair's voters. It being by this time nearly twelve o'clock, and the vagabonds worn out with the exertions of the day, and no one at hand on whose person or property they could wreak their vengeance, they at length dispersed. All was quiet on Thursday morning at six o'clock, and we did not hear that any renewal of hostilities was expected. The mob who were engaged in these disgraceful proceedings were the most sanguinary we have ever had the misfortune to witness.

We neglected to mention that Mr. T. F. Kennedy, of Dunure, was chaired in the forenoon; and that the disturbers in front of the County Hall were repeatedly addressed, and advised to be orderly by Provost Kennedy, Mr. T. F. Kennedy, of Dunure, the late Provost Fullarton, and that Mr. James Oswald, of Shieldall, was indefatigable, as usual, in his exertions to preserve the peace, and to shield his political opponents from danger.

A steam-boat, the Countess of Glasgow, had arrived at Ardrossan from Ayr, about half an hour before the Largs, and given notice of the approach of Mr. Blair, when a crowd collected, and gave him an uncourteous reception, as far as hisses and groans could go, and they threw stones at him and his party, who took refuge in the inn, when driving out of town in an open carriage.

Mr. Lade, of Port-Glasgow, one of the voters, died in the steam-boat betwixt Ayr and Ardrossan.

A gentleman who came up in the Largs steam-boat describes the dinner scene as one of the most striking he ever witnessed. One of the voters was lying a corpse in an adjoining apartment, while most of those who sat at table had their heads bound up with bloody handkerchiefs. He says Colonel Blair was severely cut on the back part of his head and leg. His hat bore the marks of many blows.

It is false: these men were not "rabble": these men were not blood-thirsty wretches: these men were swelling with indignation, and, if you will, with revenge. The Scotch are more passionate, more violent, than the

English, who, with the exception of the Americans, are, I believe, the most gentle people on this side of the gut of Gibraltar. But, besides this, the Scotch have been much more severely oppressed and cruelly insulted than the English ever have been. I have often related that two journeymen tradesmen of Edinburgh wrote to me at the time when PEEL'S BILL had made it legal to demand gold in exchange for a Bank-note, to inform me that they had, accordingly, made the demand; that they were refused gold in payment for the notes, and that, thereupon, having persevered, with obstinacy, in their demand, the Bankers sent for police-officers, who took them to prison; for which, they told me, that they were even afraid to demand redress of any description. This is quite enough to satisfy any reasonable man that the treatment of the people of Scotland has been infinitely worse than that of the slaves of the West Indies. When Mr. JONES, of Bristol, was refused payment in the same way, the Bristol banker dared not talk of punishing him: there was somebody to take his part: there was an attorney ready to arrest the bankers: he had redress, and that redress served as an example for the whole country on this side the Tweed. Nay, even before a Committee of the House of Commons, it was stated, that to demand gold in exchange for paper, in Scotland, was what no man would dare to do. In such a state of things, to talk of law and of justice is nonsense, and this is the state in which the industrious part of the people of Scotland have lived for the last forty years.

Scenes such as are described in these articles from the Glasgow papers are, in themselves, to be reprobated. No man that has any regard either for the happiness or the honour of the country, can attempt an abstract justification of violences like these: but as in all cases of assault, and in many cases of actual killing, is not the *provocation* to be taken into view? It is unlawful for a man to strike a monster that has falsely imputed to him all sorts of crimes. Strictly speaking, he ought to seek re-

dress from the law ; but on a trial for assault, the provocation is always taken into view, if there be provocation ; and a blow, which without provocation, sends the offender to jail, is let off with a reprimand, the provocation being intolerable.

And does not this apply to communities of men, as well as to individuals ? And might not the people at Dumbarton, when assaulting the son of the Duke of MONTROSE, have recollected that the father, in 1817, spoke of the imprisoned reformers as men "merely abstracted for a time from society ;" and may not all the people of Scotland now recollect the transportation of their countrymen, their excellent countrymen, their able, their virtuous, their brave countrymen, PALMER, MUIR, GERALD, and MARGAROT ; aye, their transportation during the domination of PITT for strenuously advocating that very Reform of Parliament which he himself had advocated before he was in power, and which is now, after the country has been beggared for the want of it, advocated by the King and his Ministers ? May not the people of all Scotland still recollect this ? The Scotch are not a fickle race ; they are not a thoughtless, senseless, giddy race of beings, who forget, in a moment, the good or the evil that they have received. Why are they not to remember, and why are their children not to remember, that Mr. MARGAROT, when the judges were passing sentence upon him, told them that the day would come when they would have to answer to an enraged people for the injustice which they were then inflicting ? The whole of those victims are dead ; but the Scotch people are not dead, and memory still has a seat in their minds.

Upon this occasion what did they behold ? They beheld that very thing still carried on which had been condemned by the King and his Ministers. The Ministers had told them, by the mouth of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, that this mode of electing Members was a scandalous usurpation. The King had dissolved the Parliament in order that this villanous usurpation might be put an

end to by men who would vote for the Bill : here were men elected who declared that they would not vote for the Bill ; and was it to be expected that the people, who were so deeply interested in putting an end to the usurpation, would not show their resentment against these men ? Was it to be expected that they should stand quietly by and see the old farce performed, and not show their indignation in a manner so marked as to produce effect upon their adversaries ?

When once people are enraged, and violence begins, who is to prescribe bounds to that violence ? One passionate word or act creates another still more passionate ; and, at last, men do that which they never contemplated or thought possible in their cooler moments. The killing of the King's Guards at Paris, in the year 1789, arose purely from the insolence of a soldier having knocked down an old man in the street ; so that these violences are not to be ascribed to the character of the people of Scotland, but to their long oppressions, and to the irritating sights and circumstances of the moment. For one reason, however, I am by no means sorry that these violences have taken place in Scotland. I am sorry to hear that any bodily injury has been done to any-body, and by no means justify any such acts ; but my readers must recollect how often I have had to contend with Dr. BLACK upon the subject of the relative behaviour of the English and the Scotch. When the Special Commissions were going on, the Doctor contended that the riots in England did not proceed from the ill-treatment of the people, but from their want of education. I contended that they arose not from want of education. I contended that they arose from a want of a sufficiency of food and raiment. Look at the Scotch, said the Doctor ; they commit no brutal violences ; and it is because they are *educated*. I should like to have seen the Doctor when he was inserting in his paper the above two articles. But what does he say now ? Why, that the difference in the conduct of the people of the two countries arises

solely from a difference in *character*. To be sure, when we look back at the hundreds of riots that took place last fall amongst the country men in England, and perceive, that though the people had all the power in their hands for the moment, they never did, in any one instance, either kill or maim any one person: when one looks at this, one is lost in admiration at the gentleness of their character; but, in justice to the Scotch, let it be observed, that the provocation, that the thing at stake, was of a nature extremely different: the English labourers wanted a rise of wages, and they obtained it at once: the Scotch were contending for a mighty prize: they thought that the returning of these men might defeat the great measure of Reform. It was for no selfish or trifling object that they were contending; it was for their country, and for their own liberty and property. Let the Glasgow papers, and the London papers too, vilify the Scotch as long as they please, I shall not join in one word of abuse uttered against them. I do not feel pleasure that they were provoked to act in this violent manner; but I feel great pleasure in perceiving that the people in that part of the kingdom participate in all the feelings which animate the people of the South. I have not forgot the punishing, and even the hanging, of the Scotch reformers in 1820. I never felt much more indignation in my life, much more rage, than I did at the treatment of the Scotch in that year. It is only eleven years ago. Men do not so soon forget; and, therefore, again I say, before we call the Scotch people *rabble, ruffians, vagabonds*, and bloody men, we must take the provocation and the circumstances into view.

If those who are still the enemies of Reform were accessible to any-thing like reason, one might ask them what sort of Government that must be which made a representative of the people of a man whom the people so cordially detested? If it be said that it is this reform scheme that has caused this LORD GRAHAM to be so hated by the people, the answer is, that he was

equally hated before in his capacity of member, and that the present circumstances have not created the hatred, but merely put it into motion. However, let us hope that, the reform once completed, we shall hear no more of violences like these amongst that industrious and sensible people. The reform was not endangered by the election of GRAHAM and BLAIR; but the people did not know but it might be, and therefore their resentment, therefore their rage. The writer of the article relative to the affair at Dumbarton observes, in his despair and indignation, that all *well-educated* persons of property must prepare to expatriate themselves, or enter upon *determined resistance*. The wise course for these well-educated persons to pursue would be neither to expatriate themselves nor prepare for this species of resistance: their wise course would be to be content with the enjoyment of their own property, and to let the industrious classes enjoy theirs: then they might still live in Scotland as quietly as in the Eutopia; and live in it quietly they ought not, as long as they take from the people that which they earn by the sweat of their brow, and spend it in luxury.

The LORD JUSTICE CLERK, who is Sir SAMUEL SHEPHERD, I believe, and who is, I fancy, the Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, seems to have been in an awkward predicament here. It is very strange, but not more strange than true, that it is impossible that he could have known any-thing of the public mind. Of what evils has not this species of ignorance been the cause? Men in power in this country never seem to know till it be too late what the people think or what they say. There must be something to darken the mind in the very air which they breathe: that which is known to everybody else appears not to be known to them. This, however, has arisen, as well as all the other evils, from the accursed rotten boroughs; from the want of men really to *represent* the people; a reformed Parliament will put this to rights: it will bring to-

gether men who will speak the voice of the people, and will make the Ministers hear that voice, an advantage which they have never possessed for a hundred years past.

FIRES.

THE following articles, taken from the *Kent Herald* of some days back, call for some observations and some advice to the ministers. These I will make and give when I have inserted the articles themselves.

"An extensive wood, near Boughton, was last week set on fire, and as the wind blew strongly at the time, between thirty and forty acres of wood were destroyed in about four hours. The property belonged to G. Gipps, Esq., of Howletts.—On Monday se'nnight another wood in the same neighbourhood, belonging to W. O. Hammond, Esq., was fired, but no material damage was sustained.—We have been informed that another fire occurred yesterday in a wood belonging to G. Gipps, Esq., but have been unable to learn the particulars.—*Kent Herald*.

On Wednesday evening last, about ten o'clock, a wheat-stack, belonging to Mr. John Waite, of Fishall, was discovered to be on fire, and a barn close by was also a-light in two or three different places; but by great exertions the barn was saved. The stack, however, was nearly all burnt, and the remainder was completely spoiled. The Toubridge engine was quickly in attendance, but the pipes were so out of repair that the engine was of little use; and to complete its inefficiency, some villains cut the pipes in two or three places, soon after the engine began to play. The property was insured in the Atlas office. Mr. Waite, we understand, has not the slightest doubt that the stack and the barn were set on fire, but as yet there is no clue to the offender."—*Kent Herald*.

Of all the firings we have yet heard of, there are none so terrific as this firing of woods, where the destruction is so rapid, so great, effected with so much security, and where there can be no indemnification to the sufferer from insurances against fire. In dry weather, and in a high wind, whether summer or winter, and particularly in the months of August, September, and October, any wood well set with underwood of any description, and that underwood being from six to twenty feet high; any hedge-row or shaw; any plantation,

with heath or furze at the bottom, may be totally destroyed in the course of a very few hours, in spite of all the efforts to be made by the people of fifty parishes, if they could be assembled together for the purpose. Look, then, at the large portion of the land covered with woods in the wealds of Kent and Surrey and Sussex; look at those parts which are called the forests of Sussex; look at the immense woods in the south of Hampshire, and the still more inflammable ones of the north; look at Horrol or Werwell wood to the south-east of Andover; look at the woods between Andover and Newbury, here and there a patch of land of a thousand acres covered with wood, and with underwood as thick as it can stand upon the ground; look at the immense patches of coppice-wood in Wiltshire; and, indeed, look all over the country, particularly the south and the west. There needs no preparation: there are the leaves, there is the dead grass, there is the dead wood: in short, there wants nothing but the horrible will; and, to prevent that will from existing in the hearts of the people, ought to be the endeavour, the care, and the very first care, of the Ministers.

To talk of punishment is doing a great deal worse than nothing. The property is at the sole pleasure of the country people. Detection, without confession, is, in this case, next to an absolute impossibility. It is the fact, and it always was the fact, that such property cannot be secure for a moment except from the moral sense of the mass of the working people, who are every-where where such property is, who live amongst it and upon it, as the hares and pheasants and partridges do, and who refrain from destroying it only because they think it wrong to destroy it, and because they have no motive to urge them to deeds which are in themselves so wicked. Prevention by force or terror is, therefore, here wholly out of the question. The thing to do is, to take the motive out of the mind. The man or boy or woman who set fire to this wood of Mr. Gipps, may have been actuated by private and unjustifiable revenge; but

the party may have been actuated by feeling arising from sufferings from want, in which case the feeling must be general. Now, it is of the utmost importance to ascertain, as far as possible, whether the people in the neighbourhood or parish of this wood are greatly suffering from want; whether there be any general complaint made by them against the parochial authorities, and whether such complaint be groundless or not, and particularly whether there be *assistant or hired* overseers in that or the neighbouring parishes. In evidence lately given by that considerate and excellent man, Lord STANHOPE, before the House of Lords, his Lordship relates that, in a parish where he has some property, and where he was endeavouring to better the lot of the working people, he found (complaint was made to him, I dare say) that the hired overseer (authorized by STURGES BOURNE's Bills) was making the poor people draw a cart like cattle; that he sent for him and remonstrated with him on the subject; that the hireling said that he had done the same for several years; and Lord STANHOPE relates that he advised the practice to be put an end to; that the man said that he was authorised to do it by the magistrates: his Lordship advised him not to do it again, let him be authorized by whom he would. Now, if every nobleman and gentleman had acted the part of Lord STANHOPE, never should we have heard of a fire, except from the usual particular causes of private malice and revenge, when detection and just punishment, the just punishment of death, I say, would have followed the offence nine times out of ten, instead of our having seen probably two thousand fires, with not more than a dozen detections.

There are two great causes of heart-burning with those who till the land and who make to come all that we eat, drink and wear, all that conveys us about by day, and that lodges us by night. One is the terrible new laws relating to the game, which have banished so many men from their country, which have brought not a few to the gallows,

operating as they do in conjunction with ELLENBOROUGH's Act, and which have filled the country, from one end of it to the other, with poor people hating the proprietors of the land, there being scarcely a hamlet in the whole of England and Wales where there is not some parent to deplore a lost son, some widow to deplore a lost husband, some child to deplore a lost father. How many scores have been transported by the magistrates from their Quarter-Sessions for poaching! These laws have implanted more revenge in the breasts of the working people than any-thing that ever was known to them, if we except the two bills of STURGES BOURNE, which gave rise to the practice of having hired overseers, and to all the cruelty, all the starvation, all the degradation attendant thereon. One would think, that after what we have seen during the last eight months, no Minister could be so blind as not to see that England, like Ireland, must be actually torn to pieces in the end unless these bills be repealed.

In short, I am now, as I was several months ago, of the same opinion that I expressed to the Ministers, in my letter to them, which is contained in *Two-penny-Trash*, No. 8, published on the first of February last, and I still continue to think that there are no means but those there pointed out, for putting an end to these dreadful and disgraceful fires. Ministers of State do not, I dare say, read *Æsop's Fables*, which, having been engaged in *preparing a Spelling Book, as an introduction to my Grammar*, I recently have; a thing, I will observe, that I have long been requested to do by several respectable schoolmasters. Amongst others, my attention was attracted in particular by the Fable of the Fox and the Eagle, and more especially by the MORAL applied to it by Mrs. TRIMMER. I will insert both here, and beg leave to assure the Ministers that they will find them worthy of their particular attention.

" FABLE.

" A cruel eagle once stole the cubs
" of a Fox, and carried them to her
" nest for her young ones. The poor

"mother, running after her, begged and
 "prayed of her to have pity upon her,
 "but the eagle, *thinking herself secure*
 "*from danger*, was above listening to
 "her cries. The Fox, however, *snatch-*
 "*ing a burning torch from an hearth*,
 "surrounded the tree with flames in an
 "instant. At last, therefore, the haugh-
 "ty bird, not only restored her cubs to
 "the Fox but was glad to add prayers
 "and entreaties to prevent the destruc-
 "tion of her own offspring.

"MORAL.

"The rich, though ever so highly
 "exalted, should beware *how they pro-*
 "*voked the poor by injuries*; because
 "the way to revenge *lies always open*,
 "and they are but too ready to take
 "it."

Well is it for Mrs. TRIMMER that TRE-
 VOR did not set his eye upon "The Lad-
 der to Learning;" or Mrs. TRIMMER,
 or the publishers, Messrs. HARRIS and
 SON, of St. Paul's Church-Yard, might
 have heard of a motion from the honour-
 able TREVOR: for here is the haughty
 and rapacious and cruel Eagle made to
 personate the rich; the poor fox to
 personate the poor, and here is a justifi-
 cation of setting fire in order to obtain
 justice.

But now again I beg the Ministers
 to look at the means of prevention
 which I before suggested to them.
 There were five in number, all within
 their power; namely, *first*, to recall
 from transportation all the men sent
 away on account of the agricultural
 riots, and to pardon all the rest; *second*,
 to repeal STURGES BOURNE'S bills;
third, to make it a misdemeanour,
 punishable with fine and imprisonment,
 for any overseer, or other person, to
 subject the indigent poor to work like
 beasts; *fourth*, to repeal all the acts
 relative to the game, past since GEORGE
 the THIRD mounted the throne; *fifth*,
 to repeal and utterly abolish ELLEN-
 BOROUGH'S act.

These measures I deem absolutely
 necessary to the restoration of peace
 and harmony in England: they could
 do wrong to nobody; and they would
 be an unmixed blessing to the whole

country. Tell me not of a Parlia-
 mentary Reform or of any thing else
 that would not produce these measures:
 the farmer wants peace and safety in his
 house and his homestead: he wants
 security to his flocks and his herds: he
 wants to cease to live in fear of those
 with whom he is compelled to live:
 it is time, therefore, to cease to imitate
 the haughty eagle, and to prevent these
 acts of destruction by giving a new
 turn to the people's minds, and a new
 feeling to their hearts.

I have heard from Norfolk that, in
 one place, at any rate, some wheat has
 been actually *dug up*, after the Irish
 fashion; and a gentleman from Norfolk
 has told me that there is a general
 dread amongst the farmers of a firing
 of the standing corn. When I wrote
 the letter to the Ministers, of which I
 have just spoken, a gentleman from
 Surrey told me that the labourers in
 his neighbourhood were openly threat-
 ening that they would burn the corn-
 fields if their wages were brought
 down again. I saw the danger at
 once, and that urged me to address the
 Ministers upon the subject. I told the
 gentleman from Norfolk (it was only
 last week) that it was his duty to go to
 Lord GREY in person, and relate to him
 what he had related to me. He, like
 most other Englishmen, was too sheep-
 ish to think of such a thing, or, Lord
 GREY would have learned more from
 him as to the real state of the country
 than he will ever learn during his whole
 life-time through the means of persons
 who are paid by the Government. It is
 the Ministers that are in want of "*use-*
 "*ful knowledge*;" and if Lord GREY and
 Lord BROUGHAM could get up to Lon-
 don a hedger and ditcher, or a coppice-
 cutter, or a shepherd or ploughman,
 from twenty or thirty of the counties,
 they might, working together, soon
 make a book of knowledge worth as
 much in one single line as all the rub-
 bish that has been got together under
 that title.

There never can be peace and harmony
 without a repeal of Sturges Bourne's
 bills, and the consequent putting a
 stop to hired overseers. The game-

laws are of great importance ; and as a great measure of reconciliation, the bringing back of the rioters from Botany Bay ; but as to Sturges Bourne's bills, they are an ever-living source of heart-burning. Only think of taking young girls, holding them by force, and cutting the long hair from their heads, because they are compelled to apply for that parochial relief which is their right by nature and by law ! Only think of thus disfiguring them, or compelling them to starve, or turn out for prostitutes. Fire, indeed ! One is tempted to call out for hell-fire upon beings in the shape of men capable of such acts ! Could any-body but an hireling, whose pay is proportioned to the magnitude of his pinchings, have been the instrument in an act like this ! The heavier part of the crime lies, indeed, upon the hirers ; but, lie where it will, who is to wonder that revenge fills the bosoms of the people ?

I beseech the Ministers once more to think of those things in time. The process by which Parliamentary Reform will correct these evils is much too slow where the sufferings are so great, and where the passion of revenge is so ardent. There is no reason why Sturges Bourne's bills should not be repealed within six weeks from this day ; and if that repeal would restore harmony to the country, would put an end to this deadly revenge, how is that Minister who neglects this measure for a moment, to lay his head upon his pillow in peace : how is he to rest till he has done that which is so clearly just in itself, and so absolutely necessary to the safety of the kingdom !

MR. NORTHMORE.

In the last *Register*, under the head of "Somersetshire Election," I copied from the *Ballot* a report, and an introduction to that report, without perceiving that the introduction by the Editor of the *Ballot* had styled Mr. NORTHMORE, a "*Tory Candidate*." Mr. NORTHMORE has been a very sincere and zealous reformer, and was a co-operator

with MAJOR CARTWRIGHT, for many, many years. He is a man of excellent talent ; and, every one that knows him must wish to see him in Parliament, and where I hope he will be when the Parliament is reformed. As to the cause of this failure in Somersetshire, he doubtless would have failed if there were, as I believe there was, a sort of coalition between the Whigs and Tories of the county to effect that purpose ; but there was, in the present instance, another cause which I am sure Mr. NORTHMORE must have perceived long before this time ; and, indeed, he learned it at the day of election. From his speech, which was excellent, I gather that he is afraid that the Bill will get for us nothing but a mere Whig Ministry in exchange for a Tory one. He has not had time to reflect, or he would perceive that Whig, Tory, Radical ; that all these terms will soon and for ever be swept away ; that the people will have their due share of the Government in their hands ; and that the question will not be what set of Politicians a man belongs to, but whether he be for the abolition of tithes and pensions and sinecures, and reduction of interest of debt. In short, whether he be for Norfolk Petition and cheap Government.

IRELAND.

THE state of this unfortunate country is quite frightful. Hundreds of thousands are starving, *actually starving*, and forth are gone the *special commissions* ! To give any-thing like a description of the outrages, the cruelties, the horrible deeds, going on in that country is utterly impossible. The imagination of no poet ever reached a description adequate to the bare truth in this case. But, English reader, read the following, and you will need little more :—"*FEMALE EMIGRANTS FROM IRELAND.—Fifty female children reared and brought up under the pauper system of the foundling hospital in Cork, the charitable asylum of destitute infancy, have been embarked on*

"board the ship Palembang, now in that harbour, to proceed for New South Wales—there to settle and fix their final residence."—*Dublin Morning Register.*

This is, observe, going on under a government which has been called "the envy of surrounding nations and admiration of the world." There needs nothing more: here is quite enough in this one little paragraph. After this nothing need astonish us.

TO

HAMPSHIRE FLEMING (WILLIS).

FLEMING,

IN the fourth number of Two-penny Trash I recorded the triumph, or jubilee, of you and Jarvis and Graspall at Botley, on the eleventh of September, upon which occasion you congratulated the people of that village upon the breaking-up of Cobbett's radical nest in that village, and heaped a pretty good share of base abuse upon me. In my letter to the people of Botley, contained in the same Two-penny Trash, I foretold that your triumph would be short; short it has been, for not only have I seen you kicked out of the representation of the county, and that too by a man coming from a rotten borough, whom you yourself tell us is a pensioner, but I read in the newspapers of the county devoted to you, a little while ago, that the people carried your coffin about Winchester, and burned it in the street. You will now have leisure to consider with your parsons how you will prevent tithes from being abolished, and so I leave you, just suggesting to you whether it might not be as well for you to change your name back again to WILLIS.

WM. COBBETT.

TO THE

PEOPLE OF SALISBURY.

MY FRIENDS,

You have had a very quiet election. This last gasp of the Venison Corporation

has not made much noise in the world; but your election has not been an uninteresting one, especially to me. "When rogues fall out, honest men get their due;" and it is much about the same with tricky politicians. Some friend, to whom I am very much obliged, has sent me BRODIE'S paper, and BRODIE has been good enough to put into it, for my use, his speech about the Bouveries and himself as relating to me. In my next Register, I will insert the speech, and make some remarks upon it. It is, take it altogether, as curious an affair as has taken place for a long while. It is a nice little exposure: as neat an instance of double-dealing as you shall find even in the conduct of Sir GRIFE GRINDUM himself. I congratulate you, with all my soul, on the approaching breaking up of this crew of wine-guzzlers and venison-eaters, and I venture to assure you that great church livings, and prebendal stalls, will not long remain united to excite that just indignation which they now excite; and that the excellent labourers of your fine and beautiful county will not hereafter be doomed to live upon a pound and a quarter of bread a day and a halfpenny.

I am

Your faithful friend,
and most obedient servant,
WM. COBBETT.

From the LONDON GAZETTE,

FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1831.

INSOLVENTS.

BROOKS, A., City-road, coach-maker.
FEARNSIDE, W. G., Haydon-street, Haydon-square, agent.
FLOWER, B., High-street, Newington-butts, ironmonger.
WOOLLEY, J., Mayfield-st., Dalston, broker.

BANKRUPTS.

BEAMS, W., St. Martin's-le., vellum-binder.
BENNETT, J., Birmingham, corn-dealer.
CLOTHIER, J., Wilmot-street, Brunswick-sq. and Castle-st., Bloomsbury, timber and coal-merchant.
CRICKMORE, T., Skinner-street, Bishopsgate-without, pewterer.
GILES, F. and J., Steward-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturers.
HILL, J., Maresfield, Sussex, miller.
HODSON, E., Thrapston, Northamptonshire, linen-draper.

LEES, J., Manchester, baker.
 LUKE, J. P., Finsbury-place, boot and shoe-maker.
 NIMMO, J., Upper Gower-street, bookseller.
 OWEN, T., Fore-st., Cripplegate, auctioneer.
 PLATT, R., Cateaton-street, warehouseman.
 POTTER, W., Liverpool, merchant.
 STONE, S., Austinfriars, broker.
 TOMS, J., Kensington, grocer.
 WILSON, S. and J. Lilleyman, Goldsmith-street, silkmen.
 YOUNG, T., Lane-End, Staffordshire, inn-keeper.

TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1831.

INSOLVENT.

SCHWIESO, J. C. Wimpole-st., Cavendish-sq., harp-maker.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

RIDLEY, W., Wreckenton, Durham, miller.

BANKRUPTS.

COPELAND, W., Liverpool, linen-draper.
 EMETT, C. G., Bath, grocer.
 GILLET, C., Baker's-row, Walworth-road, butcher.
 HELLYER, R., Devonport, cork-cutter.
 JONES, P. and F., Bolton-le-Moore, Lancashire, brush-manufacturers.
 JOY, W., St. Paul's Church-yard, bookseller.
 M'LACHLAN, J. and D. Macintyre, Sun-ct., Cornhill, merchants.
 MOORE, J., Bermondsey-wll., master-mariner.
 PARSONS, J., Shrewsbury, grocer.
 POOLE, W. R. and J. Hadley, Birmingham, linen-drappers.
 POVALL, C., Birkenhead, Cheshire, stone-mason.
 RAMSDEN, S., Colne, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer.
 ROBERTS, H. E., Broad-street-buildings, merchant.
 ROBERTSON, J. C., Fleet-street, bookseller.
 TURNER, J., Bridge-house-place, South-wark, batter.
 VALLOTTON, J. J., Old Cavendish-street, Oxford-street, French warehouseman.
 WATERHOUSE, J. & W., Lad-lane, coach-proprietors.
 WILKINSON, J., J. Straith, and R. J. T. Perkin, Leadenhall-street, brokers.
 WOOD, J. S., commonly called J. Wood, Leeds, ironmonger.
 WOOLRICH, J., Westbromwich, Staffordshire, wholesale chymist.

LONDON MARKETS.

MARK-LANE, CORN-EXCHANGE, MAY 23.—Our supplies, since this day at night, of both English and foreign wheat, as also barley, malt, peas, beans, and seeds from all quarters, as well as Irish oats, limited; of English and foreign oats great; of English and foreign flour moderately good. This day's market, as is generally the case with that of a holiday Monday, was very thinly attended both by

London and country buyers; and the trade in it, throughout, exceedingly dull, at barely last Monday's prices. It was, indeed, the prevailing opinion that, could extensive sales have been effected, an abatement on wheat and oats, of from 1s. to 2s. per quarter would have been willingly submitted to; but there were few, if any, extensive buyers in the market.

Wheat	58s. to 66s.
Rye	38s. to 40s.
Barley	24s. to 30s.
— fine	30s. to 42s.
Peas, White	38s. to 40s.
— Boilers	35s. to 40s.
— Grey	31s. to 34s.
Beans, Small	40s. to 48s.
— Tick	36s. to 40s.
Oats, Potatoe	27s. to 33s.
— Poland	27s. to 31s.
— Feed	23s. to 28s.
Flour, per sack	50s. to 55s.

PROVISIONS.

Bacon, Middles, new, 44s. to 46s. per cwt.	
— Sides, new ...	43s. to 45s.
Pork, India, new ...	122s. 0d. to 125s. 0d.
Pork, Mess, new ...	63s. to 65s. 0d. per barl.
Butter, Belfast ...	76s. to 84s. per cwt.
— Carlow ...	78s. to 86s.
— Cork ...	80s. to 84s.
— Limerick ...	84s. to —s.
— Waterford ...	74s. to 78s.
— Dublin ...	78s. to —s.
Cheese, Cheshire ...	56s. to 88s.
— Gloucester, Double ...	54s. to 64s.
— Gloucester, Single ...	38s. to 42s.
— Edam ...	46s. to 52s.
— Gouda ...	44s. to 50s.
Hams, Irish ...	50s. to 60s.

SMITHFIELD—May 23.

In this day's market, which exhibited, throughout, a fair average time of year supply, the trade was, with each kind of meat, unusually dull. With beef and mutton at a depression of full 2d., lamb 4d. per stone; with veal and pork at Friday's quotations. Beasts, 2,204; sheep and lambs, 23,080; calves, 200; pigs, 240.

THE FUNDS.

3 per Cent. }	Fri.	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.
Cons. Ann. }	83½	82½	83½	83½	83½	83½

MARK-LANE.—Friday, May 27.

The supplies this week are moderate. The prices the same as on Monday.

1. ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—Of this work sixty thousand copies have now been published. This is a duodecimo volume, and the price is 3s. bound in boards.

2. An ITALIAN GRAMMAR, by Mr. JAMES PAUL COBBETT.—Being a Plain and Compendious Introduction to the Study of Italian. Price 6s.

3. COTTAGE ECONOMY.—I wrote this Work professedly for the use of the labouring and middling classes of the English nation. I made myself acquainted with the best and simplest modes of making beer and bread, and these I made it as plain as, I believe, words could make it. Also of the keeping of Cows, Pigs, Bees, and Poultry, matters which I understood as well as any body could, and in all their details. It includes my writings also on the Straw Plait. A Duodecimo Volume. Price 2s. 6d.

4. THE WOODLANDS; or, a Treatise on the preparing of the ground for planting; on the planting, on the cultivating, on the pruning, and on the cutting down, of Forest Trees and Underwoods. Price 14s. bound in boards.

5. The ENGLISH GARDENER; or, a Treatise on the situation, soil, enclosing and laying out, of Kitchen Gardens; on the making and managing of Hot-beds and Green-houses; and on the propagation and cultivation of all sorts of Kitchen Garden Plants, and of Fruit Trees, whether of the Garden or the Orchard. And also, on the formation of Shrubberies and Flower Gardens. Price 6s.

6. YEAR'S RESIDENCE IN AMERICA.—The Price of this book, in good print and on fine paper, is 5s.

7. PAPER AGAINST GOLD; or, the History and Mystery of the National Debt, the Bank of England, the Funds, and all the Trickery of Paper Money. The Price of this book, very nicely printed, is 5s.

8. TULL'S HORSE-HOEING HUSBANDRY; or, a Treatise on the Principles of Tillage and Vegetation. With an Introduction, by WM. COBBETT. 8vo. Price 15s.

9. SERMONS.—There are twelve of these, in one volume, on the following subjects: 1. Hypocrisy and Cruelty; 2. Drunkenness; 3. Bribery; 4. Oppression; 5. Unjust Judges; 6. The Sluggard; 7. The Murderer; 8. The Gamester; 9. Public Robbery; 10. The Unnatural Mother; 11. The Sin of Forbidding Marriage; 12. On the Duties of Parsons, and on the Institution and Object of Tithes. Price 3s. 6d. bound in boards.

A Thirteenth Sermon, entitled "GOOD FRIDAY; or, The Murder of Jesus Christ by the Jews." Price 6d.

10. POOR MAN'S FRIEND. A new edition. Price 8d.

11. THE LAW OF TURNPIKES. By William Cobbett, Jun., Student of Lincoln's Inn. Price 3s. 6d. boards.

12. PROTESTANT "REFORMATION" in England and Ireland, showing how that event has impoverished and degraded the main body of the people in those countries. Two volumes, bound in boards. The Price of the first volume is 4s. 6d. The Price of the second volume 3s. 6d.

13. THE EMIGRANT'S GUIDE. Just now Published, under this Title, a little Volume, containing Ten Letters, addressed to English Tax-payers. A new edition, with a Postscript, containing an account of the Prices of Houses and Land, recently obtained from America by Mr. Cobbett. Price 2s. 6d. in bds.

14. MR. JAMES PAUL COBBETT'S RIDE OF EIGHT HUNDRED MILES IN FRANCE. Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d.

15. FRENCH GRAMMAR; or, Plain Instructions for the Learning of French. Price bound in boards, 5s.

16. ROMAN HISTORY, French and English, intended, not only as a History for Young People to read, but as a Book of Exercises to accompany my French Grammar. Two Volumes. Price 13s. in boards.

17. LETTERS FROM FRANCE; containing Observations made in that Country during a Residence of Two Months in the South, and Three Months at Paris. By JOHN M. COBBETT. Price 4s. in boards.

18. A TREATISE ON COBBETT'S CORN; containing Instructions for Propagating and Cultivating the Plant, and for Harvesting and Preserving the Crop; and also an account of the several uses to which the Produce is applied. Price 2s. 6d.

19. MARTENS'S LAW OF NATIONS.—This is the Book which was the foundation of all the knowledge that I have ever possessed relative to public law. The Price is 17s., and the manner of its execution is, I think, such as to make it fit for the Library of any Gentleman.

To be had at No. 11, Bolt-court, Fleet-street.

THE "AMERICAN STOVES" from Mr. COBBETT'S Model are now ready packed in Baskets, so that no delay in the execution of orders will take place: also, the "LONGITUDINAL CORN-SHELLER" from Mr. COBBETT'S Model, price 3l. 10s.

H. S. W. JUDSON, Ironmonger, Kensington, the only Manufacturer.

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